

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE
OF
A SPANISH SOLDIER.

(Concluded.)

AT the approach of night I got rid of my servants by sending them in pursuit of the strayed falcon ; I rode towards my house, and when it was quite dark I entered into my garden through a private door, of which I had the key. I then went directly to the apartment of Cornelio, and opening the door found him not there, took up a lighted candle which stood upon the table and passed into another room which communicated with his apartment, looking also every way to see if I could discover him. When I came to the extremity of this room, which led by a flight of steps into a hall, which was over my bed-chamber, I remarked a ladder placed against the wall, and just above it an opening large enough to admit a man, and which was partly covered by a picture of Titian representing the adulterous commerce of Mars and Venus. Till that moment I had not given implicit belief to my extreme mi-

sery. Having removed the ladder I ascended the stair-case leading to my chamber, crying out with a loud voice, "Open the door instantly." My wife did not keep me a moment in suspense, and at the same instant that she opened the door I heard the traitor Cornelio making his escape, and falling from the opening into the hall below. I immediately reshut the door, ran down stairs, and found Cornelio with his two legs broken, and dragging himself along like a bull that is hamstrung, "Ah traitor !" I exclaimed, "too forgetful of the benefits which I have heaped upon you—receive the reward of your ingratitude." I then plunged my dagger into his heart, and hung his body on the ladder which he had employed to betray me.—From thence transported with fury, I rushed into my wife's apartment, with a resolution to put her also to death ; but at the first sight of her the poniard fell from my hands ; and though I often attempted to stab her, the same involuntary emotion stopped my hands : I have never had power sufficient to wound that fascinating body, the charms of which suspend and overpower my just resentment. At length, finding the impossibility of completing my purpose, I determined to confine her in a kind of

sepulchre with the body of her minion. I accordingly tied her hands and feet; and having cut out the heart of her lover in her presence, I placed it between them, that she may always have in sight the heart which she so much loved. I dragged also to the same spot the body of the servant whom I stabbed, crying out, "Behold the witness of your crimes!" Since that I have frequently returned with a resolution of killing her; but always ineffectually; as I have never had courage sufficient to execute my intended purpose. I am now therefore determined to destroy her gradually with hunger and thirst; allowing her every day only half a pound of bread, and a little water. It is now fifteen days since she has seen the light of the sun, or heard a single word from me; nor has she uttered one herself, when I carry her the miserable pittance which just keeps soul and body together. It is only fifteen days, sir, but fifteen days which appear to me fifteen thousand years, and I suffer worse than death fifteen thousand times a day. Such, sir, is my deplorable state, which induces me to wish I was in so low a situation as to be accountable for my actions to the public; and that it could permit me to take shelter in some desert far from human society. Since I have thus opened to you my heart, and acquainted you with a secret, which I have not divulged to any other person, I shall most willingly convey to your eyes the fatal object

which has so cruelly wounded mine, and with whom I can no longer hope to live." He had scarcely uttered these words, before he took up the candle and invited me to follow him. He led me across the garden, and opened the door of the cave which was the depository of all his misfortunes. I was instantly petrified at the sight of the most dreadful and affecting spectacle which human eyes ever beheld. Here a corpse pierced through and through with several strokes of a poniard lay extended on the ground; there another corpse hacked in pieces; the left side was entirely open, and the heart taken out was placed upon a board, under the eyes of the most lovely countenance ever formed by nature. And as if this sight of itself was not sufficiently affecting, the door was no sooner opened, than the dogs of the house, who had followed us, ran immediately to their unfortunate mistress, and most affectionately licked her hands and face. This affecting sight had such an effect upon me, that I burst into tears, and even the husband himself seemed moved beyond expression. I seized this moment in which I saw him so affected, and though scarcely able to speak for my sobs and groans, "Hitherto, sir," said I, "I have listened to you in silence, and without attempting to interrupt you; because I did not consider you in a situation to attend to me, and because I waited till you gave me permission to address you." "Well, sir," replied he, "you are

at liberty to speak, and I am ready to listen with attention to any thing you may think proper to say." Fortified as well by these words as by the effect which his reviving tenderness had impressed upon his heart, I shook off all fear, and thus addressed him: "You acknowledge, sir, that the first sight of your wife made an impression upon you, which nothing has ever effaced, and which nothing will ever be able to efface. I will not consider the foundation of this unhappy adventure; whether your suspicions are true or not, this much is certain, and you yourself have allowed it, that except myself, and these two wretches who here lie extended, and who are incapable of divulging the circumstances, no other person has ever been made privy to this dreadful affair. The death of these two men ensures the concealment of this unfortunate event. Behold your wife, still living; and perhaps she is innocent! All the ineffectual attempts you have made to put her to death, without the power of executing your fatal purpose, appear to me a kind of prejudice in her favour. I will not advance any other reasons but pay attention to the tender compassion of those dumb animals whom you see hovering round her, employed in flattering and caressing her." I ceased speaking, and while the husband appeared absorbed in doubt and agitation, his wife broke silence, and uttered with extreme difficulty, a low and tremulous voice, as if it came from

the bottom of a sepulchre, "No, sir," she said, addressing herself to me, "do not ineffectually employ your time; I will not live, not for all the blessings which this world can afford, would I again be induced to quit this horrible cavern and come forth into day. But since you will never forget so extraordinary an event as this, and may probably relate it to others, I am happy in this opportunity of acquainting you with the truth, that you may neither on one side accuse my husband of cruelty, nor on the other charge me with an infamous crime, which I never committed. These two men, whom you see, deserved their punishment; the one, for having falsely related facts which he neither saw, nor could see; the other, not for the crime which he committed, but for that which he would have committed, by attempting to deceive my husband, his benefactor, who had loaded him with benefits. I do not pretend to deny, that the wretch did sometimes converse with me, during my husband's absence; but as he never uttered any expression or behaved in a manner capable of offending the strictest virtue, I never had reason to be in the least alarmed. It is true that in that disastrous night which completed our common misery, I saw him for the first time come from behind a picture, without knowing by what means he could have entered my apartment. Seized with surprise and terror, I had only time to ask him what brought him at so late

an hour in my room, and was going to cry out for assistance, when I heard my husband's voice. Since, sir, he has himself conducted you here, he may explain to you the remaining circumstances. I will leave him to judge whether my conduct during the six years that I had the honour to be his wife authorised his suspicions; and, supposing that I had been sufficiently criminal to be willing to dishonour myself, and betray my husband, (to whom I would not be faithless for all the kingdoms and honours of this world,) I submit to him, whether he thinks me so entirely destitute of common sense and judgment, as to employ such gross artifices as were put in practice for the commission of the crime with which he charges me; and whether, if he considers the intelligence and intimacy which I was supposed to have held with that wretched fellow, such artifices could be necessary! It is needless to enter, into any farther justification of my conduct: such, sir, are all the circumstances which I alledge against the violent presumptions which overcame my husband, and which, in some measure, justify his usage of me. And now, sir, I venture to conjure you by those sentiments of compassion with which my present situation inspires you, and by the sincerity with which I have now spoken to you, that you would intercede with my husband and my lord, and prevail upon him to put an immediate end to my life; and to shorten that death which he

now makes me suffer by his presence, that I may present myself unblameable to God." The tears which her husband shed during this discourse, and which increased in proportion as she continued speaking, convinced me that he was dreadfully affected. Turning then to him, I said, "Well, sir, and what is your present opinion? what will you say now?"—For a short time his tears and sobs prevented him from speaking—then seizing my hand and pressing it to his bosom, he said, "The same liberty which I before gave you to say whatever you thought proper, I now give you to do whatever you think best for me."

He had scarcely finished these words before I took out my poniard and cut the cords which bound her hands and feet: in attempting to rise, she was so weak, that she fell into my arms, and from thence sunk again upon the ground, where she continued as if to recover her strength, exhausted by the length of her suffering. Her husband was so affected at the deplorable state to which he had reduced her, and now as much convinced of her innocence as he was before convinced of her guilt, threw himself on his knees, kissed her hands and feet, and bathed them with his tears, which flowed abundantly, and conjured her to pardon his injustice and cruelty. This return of tenderness and love, which was more than she was able to support in her present weak state, had so

great an effect on her, that she fainted away, and continued so long in a state of insensibility, that I thought she was dead. The husband, fixing his lips on her's, remained in an agony of grief and despair; at length suddenly starting up, he quitted his wife, who became more than ever the beloved object of his affections, ran across the garden, and returned with some refreshments. Having given her a cordial, the effect was instantaneous—the blood reanimated her cheeks, and she opened her eyes, and turning them tenderly on her husband, “Alas! sir, why do you recall me to this wretched existence?”—“It is to save my own, which depends on yours,” returned the husband; and immediately took her up in his arms. I assisted in transporting her from that dreadful cell into her own apartment; and we had the satisfaction of gradually recovering her from that danger of immediate dissolution which before threatened her. The next morning I took leave, with an intention of continuing my journey; but both the husband and wife pressed me so much to stay that I could not refuse. I remained three weeks, during which time the wife recovered her health, the husband his happiness, the servants their tongues, and the gardens their beauty.

TRUE delicacy, like true generosity, is more wounded by an offence from itself, than to itself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—
 THE LADIES' TOILETTE;
 OR,
 ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 279)

Continuation of the same subject.

There is no invariable standard of physical Beauty. Different opinions of different nations on Beauty. Difference in the taste of men.

“I COMMONLY see,” says Montaigne, “that men are more ready to seek the reason than the truths of things which are submitted to them; they pass over the propositions, but they examine the consequences; they leave things and run after causes. These droll reasoners usually begin in this manner:—How did this happen? instead of asking,—Did it really happen?”

Most of those who have treated of beauty have done like Montaignes droll reasoners; they have set out with supposing that beauty is invariable, that it had a primitive type, and this being admitted without any further examination, they have sought what are its principles, and what is this original type. This was the very reverse of what they ought to have done; but such is frequently the way of the human mind.

A learned modern writer has,

however, not reasoned in this manner. He has gone back to the principles of the question, and has proved in a very solid discourse, that there is no such thing in nature as a positive and invariable standard of beauty. He demonstrates that what we call beauty consists only in the ideas which we have acquired from our infancy, and depends on a kind of mutual conformity established upon the authority of a small number of persons. He demonstrates that beauty is founded only on the habit, on the fashion, on the prejudices or particular ideas which prevail in every nation, and which cause us to find beauty in objects which we have been most accustomed to behold. He demonstrates that this idea of beauty is, in some measure, subject to the authority of persons who, by deeper study, are supposed to be enabled to judge more soundly of it. He demonstrates that the aptitude to seize the beautiful, which we call sentiment or taste, though partly dependent on a particular modification of the mind of certain persons, must, however, in general be ascribed to education, to the habit of daily contemplating the best productions of art; and that this taste, this sense is improved in proportion to the knowledge we have gained by study and instruction. Finally, he demonstrates that we have no innate sense of physical beauty, though we have a very distinct perception of moral beauty.

All these assertions are supported by proofs which are highly conclusive; but the author has considered the subject in a scientific point of view that is not adapted to the aim and nature of the present work; and therefore the reader who is desirous of entering deeper into this question, would do well to consult the writer himself.

If any thing be capable of demonstrating that beauty is not invariable, it is the dissimilarity of beautiful women in every country, the disagreement of different nations in the ideas they form of beauty, and the difference of tastes which is found even among the individuals of the same nation.

A beautiful female of France, another of Italy, of England, of China, of Mingrellia, of Negroland, are indisputably beautiful women; the charms of each are extolled by her amorous countrymen; each inspires poets, and turns the head of philosophers, for there are philosophers in every region; finally, each sways the sceptre in her own sphere; and yet how different are all these beauties!

Let us now briefly examine this variety of opinions among different nations.

We Europeans prefer a head, the general outline of which is of an oval form. The Omaguas and the Caribbees think no head beautiful but what is perfectly round

and flat; and to give the heads of their children that figure, they compress them between two boards that, as they say, they resemble the full moon. Other nations prefer the square form, and it is then between four planks that they endeavour to mould the heads of their children, while the bones are still tender.

The proportions which please us in the forehead would not be much liked by other nations. The inhabitants of the country of Aracan think no forehead handsome but what is large and flat; therefore, as soon as a child is born, they lay a piece of lead upon its forehead, to give it that kind of beauty which they hold in the highest estimation. The Siamese, on the contrary, likes no forehead but what ends in a point at the top, in such a manner as to make the head resemble a kind of lozenge, the two points of which is formed by the forehead and the chin. The Mexican women, very different from the natives of Aracan, are desirous of having very small foreheads, and employ all possible means to make the hair grow upon them, though they take great pains to eradicate it over the whole body. The ideas entertained concerning the beauty of hair, are neither more constant nor more just. We shall have occasion to remark, that in ancient times the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were pas-

sionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same propensity, though that colour is held in abhorrence by their descendents. They like black hair, which is despised in some regions of Africa, and light tresses which are detested in China. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in vast regions; the Turks prefer red-haired women. The inhabitants of Tripoli have probably borrowed this taste from the Turks; with the aid of vermillion they give their hair a colour which nature refuses. The women of the kingdom of Decan likewise stain the hair yellow and red.

Small ears are not every where accounted the handsomest. All the nations of the East, and even the Chinese, prefer ears that are very large, very long, and pendent. Those people who are virtuosos in this kind of charm, procure it by suspending heavy weights from their ears. By these means the natives of Laos, among others, increase the hole to such a size that you may put your fist through it.

This nation makes the beauty of the nose consist in its length, and that in its smallness. A prominent nose is a defect among the Chinese, who are accustomed to crush the noses of their children while in the cradle. The inhabitants of Massacor have the same taste, which they gratify by means of the same expedient. The Indians think

its beauty proportioned to its magnitude. Among many nations the decoration of the nose is an object of luxury ; they suspend jewels from them in the same manner as European women suspend them from their ears. On the coast of Malabar, the cartilage which divides the nostrils, is perforated in young girls, for the purpose of hanging jewels to them. The same practice is found among the islanders in the Persian Gulph, and in California. In the country of the Moguls, on the contrary, and in certain regions of Africa, the men perforate not only the nose, but likewise the ears and the lips ; and a young man, anxious to please the *belles* of the country, would make very little impression were he not to suspend trinkets of gold and silver from his nose, his lips, and his ears. It is then the Mogul fine ladies exclaim in their language : "What a charming young man ! how gentle ! how tasteful ! how elegant !"

(To be continued.)

PICTURE OF THE MANNERS OF MODERN PARIS.

IT appears extraordinary, that no one, either in France or in any other country, has undertaken to exhibit, in a complete picture, the result of the French Revolution. That part of the picture, for which it will be necessary to wait forty or fifty years, will not prevent the execution of the other, which may, without danger, afford our contem-

poraries wholesome instruction and amusement.

Our beloved Paris has recently improved, in an extraordinary degree, in internal morality, without however, losing the smallest portion of its internal depravity.

With respect to our marriages, the lawyers and divorce mongers find scarcely any employment ; for the justices of the peace treat a husband or a wife, when they first bring their complaints before them, too much in the style of moral censors ; and besides this, they deter the parties, by drawing a terrible picture of the expences, chicane, and long delay of law proceedings. The complainants take the matter once more into consideration ; and, rather than make the scandal still more public, agree to an apparent reconciliation, that they may conduct themselves the more shameless in private. A simple wife, who is informed by some malicious gossip of the dancing hall where her husband spends the Sunday evening with an acquaintance, as it is termed, and in the first impulse of her passion, hurries to the spot, and overwhelms the loving pair with her scolding and complaints—such a woman is greatly to blame : out of respect to public decency, she should have kept the matter private ; she should have recollected, that her kind lord and master takes only one Sunday in the whole month for himself, and that he passes the three others in her company ; at any rate, she

should not have made any noise about such a trifle. When the woman goes to the magistrate, he does not tell her that she is wrong with regard to the principal point, but he finds fault with the form ; he says, that in such cases, people ought not to cut off their nose to be revenged of their face ; that is, confirm their shame by witnesses. The Confessor will exhort her to reconciliation, at least for the sake of her children, that they may not be made acquainted with their father's faults. Hence it is extremely easy to conceive, why a jealous husband, at Paris, has almost everybody against him, and why, out of respect to good morals, he ought to give himself very little concern about those of his wife. The most important duty is not to refrain from sin, but to conceal it.

In the relations between parents and children, a similar system prevails. The law renders it extremely difficult, and almost impossible, to marry contrary to the will of parents. The law, however, has not prohibited the procreation of children ; and it is quite sufficient, if it be not obvious to the public eye, whether the young progeny are legitimate or illegitimate, and if they do not come into the world before the face of their parents. There is no violation of morals, as long as the children have not polluted the paternal habitation. Thus in spite of the difficulty of marrying without the consent of parents,

it is the more easy to form an illegitimate connection ; and a regular housekeeping between persons, the eldest of whom is not eighteen, is the more common. These connexions deprive the parents of not the smallest portion of their former respect ; the children are not acting against their consent, as long as that consent has neither been demanded nor refused. With many parents, such an establishment is a desirable object ; it relieves them from the burden of a dowry ; the two young people maintain themselves ; nay, they have perhaps been sent away at the age of thirteen or fourteen from their father's houses, in order to procure their own subsistence. The grandmother then speaks publicly, and without reserve, not indeed of her grandchildren, but she calls them children of her son, who is not married : the father, whose daughter lives in this kind of illegal union, calls her companion, not her husband, but her man.

The magnitude of the city, the multitudes in every quarter, and even in every house, prevent what would, strictly speaking, constitute the immoral side of the business in Paris : that is, nobody takes any notice of the affair ; and, when a child comes into the world, every one supposes that it has a father, and he who fetched the midwife passes among the neighbours not only for the person who actually begot the child, but likewise for as good a husband as the best of them.

In the mere licentious pleasures, of every description, there is no occasion to pay attention to any thing but to keep up appearances. A handsome woman, who dresses better than her circumstances would admit, and on that account justly incurs suspicion, is not an object of censure, as long as she manages her matters with decorum. Nay, what is still more remarkable, a pretty woman of the middling class, who is neither rich nor advantageously married, has not even the right to conduct herself virtuously. *****

Thus a lady who has a natural propensity to dissipation, may gratify it with the utmost decency; she is the more amiable, the more she possesses the talent of passing certain limits with ease; she has so much the more understanding and wit, the more delicate are the traces in which her deviations are discovered; that is, the more capable she is of living in high style, and in that portion of the higher class of society which value itself not on purity, but on refinement of manners.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Integer vitz scelerisque purus
Non egit, &c.

Hor. Lib. 1st, Ode 23.

The man, my friend, whose conscious
heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,

Nor taints with death the envenom'd
shaft,

Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows:
Thro' Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Africk's faithless sands,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

JOHNSON.

IT were easy to shew that sensual pleasures are insufficient for the happiness of man. They are confessedly the meanest of which our nature is susceptible, for we participate them in common with the perishing mortality around us, and they yield delight only in the act of enjoyment. Our frames are constituted of corruptible ingredients that are forever tending to decay, which sufficiently premonish us of that dissolution which must once certainly take place—they are the same as those of the unintelligent animals, who are constantly expiring over the surface of the earth, and whose carcasses undergo the process of putrefaction. All the art and ingenuity of man is unable to prevent that final cessation of life which heaven has ordained throughout animated nature, nor can the utmost efforts of his skill retard the event which awaits in common the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the rational inhabitants of this sublunary fabric. It may be contemplated with wonder that so noble a being as the human soul should be lodged in a tenement of clay, and so mysteriously connected with perishable matter, as to mock the researches of the philosopher—that the ope-

ration of its exalted powers should be liable to derangement, or apparent suspension, by the countless infirmities of its partner ; but the contemplation should not end merely in useless wonder : it should inspire us with due reverence for our intellectual existence. Seeing the fragility of our bodies renders us for ever liable to death, when all the pleasures which they yielded us will cease, and that the mental faculties are in no small degree dependant for their profitable exercise on corporal health, we should endeavour to preserve it in such a state as will best subserve nobler gratifications.

Among the lowest of those who place their happiness in the transitory joys of sense, may be ranked him who permits his reason to be overpowered by intemperate devotion to Bacchus. It has often been remarked, that as great a difference subsists between different men as there is between a human being and a mere animal. A person in a state of intoxication is indeed a humiliating spectacle, for having deprived his rational powers of their dominion, he submits himself entirely to the guidance of senseless passion, and the frantic visions of a distempered brain. Sometimes he exhibits the degrading puerilities of idiotism, and sometimes the gloomy desperation of a fiend : after passing a few years through scenes of debauchery to the neglect of every duty, and to the contempt of the world, he is

either compelled to take up his abode in the cell of a hospital, or yields up his breath in a fit of drunkenness. Pursuing the sensualist no further, I think it sufficiently evident that he mistook the road to happiness, and that upon a fair computation of his pleasures and his pains, to the latter we must adjudge a vast preponderance.

Others less extravagant in devotion to Bacchus, may place their supreme good in the pleasures of gulosity. Their different degrees of degradation I shall not pretend to ascertain, nor attempt to fix their stations in the scale of human depravity, but surely such as live as if they had no conception of any higher pleasure, approximate the brute creation, who are directed only by instinct, and who have no interest in the concerns of futurity.

Thousands resort for their chief felicity to the haunts of licentiousness, and waste their days amidst scenes of guilty prostitution and noisy revelling. A virtuous mind cannot contemplate without horror these abodes of wretchedness, crowded with females, to whom delicacy peculiarly pertains, who have thrown off all the restraints of decorum and morality, where nothing is heard but the language of blasphemous imprecation, and nothing exhibited but scenes of criminal excess—where are continued to the morning dawn the delirious tumult of guilty pleasures. To all the inhabitants of these mansions, com-

passion should not be denied; many of its females may have been overpowered by the arts of seduction, and then thrown on the world in helpless misery—many who would gladly have revisited the mansions of their fathers, may have been prevented by the paternal frown—many may have been waiting an opportunity to desert their noisome retreat, but may have waited long in vain, and others may have been afraid to encounter the world with a blasted reputation, and to beg for employment or shelter when they had no reason to think that either would be granted them. To these, reclamation is yet possible, and whatever is possible, omnipotence may effect; but how shall we extenuate the consummate villainy of him who, having deprived a hapless female of her virtue, continues with relentless cruelty to prolong her misery—having first wrested from her her dearest earthly possession, continues to leave her in helpless destitution, to plunge her yet deeper in the gulph of infamy, and preclude her from restitution to the bosoms of her friends, to reformation of life, and to the arms of her injured family. However such men may force their countenances into an expression of hilarity, they cannot force their hearts into happiness; the days which succeed their midnight guilt are spent in languid vacuity, or feverish turbulence; the ghosts of violated innocence haunt their imaginations even when in the midst of the bu-

sy world, and the remembrance of their deeds sometimes drives them to the borders of despair.

It were endless to pursue the sensualist through all his mad career, and human weakness and folly is a theme on which I do not delight to dwell. In another paper I should be glad to display the pleasures of intellect and virtue, the former of which are noble, and the latter supremely felicitating.

SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

New-York, Feb. 29—1808.

NEW TELEGRAPHE.

AT a very considerable provincial town in England, we learn that a new system of *signals* has been introduced, which are rendered subservient to the affections of the heart, and the obligations of parties: for example, if a gentleman *wants a wife*, he wears a ring or diamond on the first finger of the left hand; if he is *engaged*, he wears it on the second finger; if *married*, on the third; and on the fourth, if he *never intends* to be married. When a lady is *not engaged*, she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger; if *engaged*, on the second finger; if *married*, on the third; and on the fourth if she *intends to die a maiden*. When a gentleman presents a *flower*, a *fan*, or a *trinket*, to a lady, with the *left hand*, it is on his part an overture of regard; if she

receives it with the *left hand*, it is an acceptance of his esteem ; but with the *right hand*, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed, and through the medium of "Cupid's Telegraph," kindred hearts communicate information.

Lon. fast.

SORROW INCONSOLABLE.

VARIOUS have been the contrivances of human wisdom, to call off the attention from brooding on domestic and other calamities. Occupation seems to be the best remedy for affliction. "Be not solitary, be not idle," was the advice of one who had had his share of the bitter cup. With respect to solitude, I am not of his opinion ; there is a state of mind, in which company, without certain restrictions, becomes intolerably oppressive and insupportable ;—friendship, like opium, requires great skill in administering. Dr. Johnson is said to have selected Cocker's Arithmetic as *his* travelling companion, when he wished to shake off the *black dog* (as he used to call melancholy) from hanging on the skirts of his garment. On a friend expressing surprise, the great moralist replied, "I find numerical calculation, and complex combination of figures, the best and most effectual method of absorbing my faculties, and calling off my attention from the evils of life."

Dr. Young chose to soothe, rather than fly from his woes ; by indulging melancholy reflections, and giving the reins to a discursive fancy, he diminished the pangs of those emotions, he ~~would not~~ or could not suppress ; as the violence of a torrent abates when diffused in a broad expanse. With a mixture of logical reasoning and poetic imagery, he thus arraigns the absurdity of grieving for deceased friends.

Why wanders wretched thought their
tombs around

In *infidel distress* ? are angels there ?
Slumbers rak'd up in dust, æthereal fire ?

But our nocturnal poet, did not recollect a reply made to a philosopher, who was rebuking a mourner, for sorrows, which he termed irrational, because they were ineffectual. "If you were to weep for a century," said the stern reasoner, "the man whose loss you lament, would be still numbered with the dead."

"The circumstances you mention," said the victim of grief, "is the strongest of all possible reasons for the unceasing and unconquerable nature of my sorrows. Was there the remotest possibility of ever seeing my friend again, however distant the period, I could bear my misfortune with composure."

The adviser forgot, like many a modern, well-designing, but unsuccessful comforter, that a moderate indulgence, that a mutual

mingling of tears, was the best alleviator of a swelling bosom, which turns with disgust from unfeeling pride of argument, and the stoicism of rational deduction.

KING Charles II. asked the celebrated Dr. Stillingfleet how it came about that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere? He told the king that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not superior to himself—but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself; with which answer the king was very well contented. “But pray (says Stillingfleet) will your majesty give me leave to ask a question too? Why do you read your speeches when you can have none of the same reasons?” “Why, truly, (said the king) your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer, I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face!”

ERRATA.

In the introduction to Mr. Sombre's remarks in our last number, for *eloquence* read *elegance*.—Fourth paragraph, 10th line, for *ashes are*, read *ashes is*—fifth paragraph, 16th line, for *this kind*, read *his kind*.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. John Brown, to Miss Sophia C. Bachr, daughter of Christian Bachr, all of this city.

At St. John's Church, by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. John Singer, to Miss Susannah Hughes.

On Sunday afternoon last, by the rev. Mr. Byrnes, Mr. James Grady, to Miss Catharine Donovan, both of this city.

.....

—.....all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

On Thursday morning, the 25th ult. Mr. Simon Simonson, in the 51st year of his age—a respectable inhabitant of this city—a pious and good man.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Amelia Appleby, aged 72 years.

On Monday evening, Mr. John Everitt.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

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POETRY.

ANACREONTIC.

COME reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wintry snows are lowering near,
And soon shall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.

Then let me wake the rapturous shell,
With chords of sweet remembrance
string;

While grateful age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was
young.

And, lest the languid pulse forego
The throb that Fancy's flight in-
spires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.

But temper me the Teian bowl!
And chasten me the Teian shell:
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.

Yet, Nature! thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear address:
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's
breast.

Nor lawless thro' the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.

If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of beauty's charms divine;—
The breast that heaves, the cheek that
glows,
And beaming eyes like stars that
shine;—

The draft on Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.

And when with high enraptur'd air
My lavish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.

Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost controul.

.....

TO MY NIGHT CAP.

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wandering a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough
storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head,
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

It matters not of what thou'rt made;
Of humble yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to deepest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.

.....

ODE TO PATIENCE.

OH! thou, the Nymph of soul serene,
With tranquil look and placid mein
In fortun'es adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm
That burst around thy angel-form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway:

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd
To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly rais'd, the trusting eye,
And soothes him to repose.

Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd and haley on brow,
While, watchful, near thee stand
(Undaunted, thou beholdest them wait)
The vengeful ministers of Fate,

There stern Misfortune sullen low'rs,
And chills the heavy passing hours,
Mad Anguish writhing nigh;
And weeping Misery and Scorn,
And wretched Poverty forlorn,
Their different efforts try!

There curst Ingratitude, and, lo!
Base Falsehood, aiming oft the blow
In Friendship's precious guise,
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully tried,
The guarded, nor the wise!

Tho' ne'er invoked before, thy aid
Refuse not though, propitious maid!
This warmly-votive hour!
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a cruel wrong to bleed,
Implores thy gentle pow'r.

With pious Hope, thy sister friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend
To quell this anxious strife;
And teach me, Maid, with humble
thought,
And breast with conscious virtue
fraught,
To bear the ills of life.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth! a father's hand
confers

The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes
knew:

Each soft enchantment of the soul is
her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment
due.

As on she moves, with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing
voice;

And, with a look the pencil could not
trace,
Smiles thro' her blushes, and con-
firms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling
frame!

To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's
fears!

To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest
claim;

Weakness that charms, reluctance
that endears!

At each response the sacred rite re-
quires,

From her full bloom bursts the un-
bidden sigh:

A strange mysterious awe the scene in-
spires;

And on her lips the trembling accents
die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions
play!

What lights and shades in sweet con-
fusion blend!

Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of
day,

And settled sunshines on her soul de-
scend!

Ah! soon, thine own confest, extatic
thought!

That hand shall strew each fainty path
with flowers;

And those blue eyes, with mildest lustré
fraught,

Gild the calm current of domestic
hours!